THE

NEW-YORK

WEEKLY MUSEUM,

OR

POLITE REPOSITORY

OF

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

VOL. IV. SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1810. NO. 17

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS:

AN HISTORICAL FACT.

(Concluded)

THE countess de las Torres, as soon as he was gone, felt great uneasiness, having recollected him to be the baron de Silva, and was fearful that he too might recollect her, having unfortunately come out unveiled.* As soon as Elvira returned from conducting the stranger to the other side of the park, she began to think seriously of this unforseen accident, which she feared might defeat all her precautions to conceal herself from the world. They spent the rest of the evening in consulting what was best to be done; the result was, that the countess and Elvira should change their abode the next morning. Nor were they mistaken in their conjectures; for the pursued stranger proved to be the baron de Silva, who was just returned into Spain, and, knowing the countess, no sooner reached Madrid, than he went to the count de las Torres, and informed him of his adventure, at the same time offering to conduct him to the place where the countess was concealed. The next morning they set off by break of day for the countess's retreat, and arrived there, before she and Elvira had put their design into execution. The enraged husband entered the house with fury in his eyes, demanding of the servant where the countess was. The servant, who was quite ignorant of his mistress's real name and quality, answered, that no such person as he described lived there, and that he certainly must have mistaken the house. The count, without waiting to reply, rushed, with his sword drawn, into the apartment where his wife was. The countess had now drank too deeply of the bitter cup of affliction, not to feel sufficiently weary of life, which made her receive him with uncommon firmness of mind. But the surprize at seeing her husband in that place, joined to her contempt of death, which she now expected would be her immediate fate, had cast such a fire into her eyes, and such an indignant glow of resigned beauty over her countenance, that it disarmed the arm just uplifted to take vengeance on his imaginary wrongs. Dropping his sword from his hand, it gave her an opportunity of taking it up.

*The ladies in Spain always appear veiled, when they walk out.

She then threw herself at his feet, and pointing it at her own breast, desired him, if he believed her guilty, not to spare, but strike home: 'For to the condition,' said she, 'to which I am now reduced, it is less cruel to deprive me of life, than to spare it.' In saying this, she burst into a flood of tears. The count had no power to reply. He appeared fascinated with her beauty, and looked upon her with eyes, which discovered to her that all his former tenderness had again taken possession of his soul; and after a long and affecting pause he addressed her as follows: Alas! madam, who is it that would not believe you to be innocent? Perhaps you deceive me, but I am ready to bury all in oblivion. I have neither the desire or power of doing you the least injury. Saying which, they both burst into tears.

The countess then related to her husband every thing that had happened to her, both before and since her marriage, without disguising the least circumstance. He listened with attention to all she said, and seemed exceedingly astonished at many parts of her affecting story, to which he had been totally ignorant. In her recital she discovered so much susceptibility of soul, so much virtue, and delicacy of sentiment, that her husband, in spite of his own misfortunes, was unable to withhold from her his pity and compassion. He even intreated her to return with him to Madrid, since he was now assured of her virtue, and wished to make it public to all the world. The countess felt greatly affected with having obtained her lord's forgiveness, but begged he would permit her to spend the rest of her days in retirement, which now best suited a mind that had for ever lost all relish for public society. At length, her husband consented to grant her request, desiring only that she should quit that retreat for one more suitable to her quality. She repaired accordingly to a country-seat, which he had near Madrid, where the faithful Elvira accompanied her mistress.

In a short time after, the count received an employment from the king, which obliged him to go into Flanders. The countess, though still a stranger to happiness, enjoyed more peace of mind in her new solitude, than she had for a long time been accustomed to. But her misfortunes were not yet at an end. Her unalterable love for the marquis again continued to disturb her repose.

It happened that the duke de Lerme, father to the marquis, had rendered some important services to the duchess of Feria, who was a near neighbour of the countess de las Torres. The duchess, who wished to acknowledge the obligations she was under to the duke, in person, gave him an invitation to her house, from which time he often visited her, and expressed how happy he should be, if an alliance could be formed between her family and his. The duchess received the duke's compliment in a manner which shewed that her wishes coincided with his. He then proposed a match between his son the marquis de Lerme and her daughter Casilda, who was remarkably beautiful and accomplished.

The duke, upon finding that this proposal was not in the least relished by his son, was highly displeased, and began to treat him with unusual coolness. This determined the marquis, at last, to pay a visit to Casilda, whose beauty, powerful as it was, did not make the least impression upon a heart too deeply engaged elsewhere. At this time there subsisted a great friendship between the duchess de Feria and the countess de las Torres, who often visited

each other. It happened one morning, when the marquis came to wait upon Casilda, that he met the countess coming out of the duchess's apartment. The surprize and agitation which both felt is easy to be conceived. The countess soon learnt the cause, and would have feared the consequences of his visits there, had he not secured that occasion of describing to her the wretched state of his mind, and the injustice he should be guilty of in marrying Casilda, while his heart was insensible to every impression of love but for her. The virtue of the countess, which had hitherto supported her amidst all her afflictions, did not forsake her upon this severe trial. She even had the fortitude to persuade the marquis to marry Casilda. She knew, with reason, that her own virtue would be suspected, if once she was to obstruct that alliance. 'I look upon it,' said she, 'that I have still some influence over you. Convince me therefore, that I am not mistaken. I conjure you to marry Casilda, and to think no more of me. If you do not comply with my earnest request, I will for ever avoid your sight; for, whatever pain your marriage or absence may give me, your presence, circumstanced as I am, will be no less grievous, doomed as I am to wretchedness and misery. Convince the world, at least, that you are no longer attached to me. If you really love me, shew me that my honour and reputation is dearer to you than your own happiness.

The countess then endeavoured to reconcile him to his destiny, and to support it with fortitude. She set before him so uncommon an example of virtue, that he durst not even venture to complain to her of his unhappy fate. A few weeks after, perceiving that there were no preparations for the marriage, she left the duchess de Feria's apartment abruptly when the marquis entered. He was now unable to bear the rigour with which the countess treated him; he found himself compelled to obey; he was unable to live without seeing her; and he perceived that she was determined to avoid him till he had complied with her rigorous sentence. Accordingly, he repair'd to his father's house, and told him that all was ready for the espousal of Casilda. Though his conscience reproached him for marrying so amiable a lady whilst his heart was entirely devoted to another, yet he found it in vain to oppose the severe commands of the countess. The duke de Lerme was exceedingly pleased to find his son ready to comply with his wishes, and next day informed the duchess de Feria of it, whose eagerness for the match was equal to that of the duke.

The duchess, who highly respected the virtuous conduct of the countess de las Torres, paid her a visit, and acquainted her, that the marriage was to be solemnized the next day: a fatal day to all parties! for, on the very morning of the nuptials, the countess received the news of her husband's death in Flanders. This was a blow that struck her more deeply than almost any she had yet felt! to find herself at liberty on the very day that she had compelled Lerme to lose his, and to espouse another, was too much. It is true, he was not married, but how to suffer him to break his word with the duchess seemed impossible; yet she wished him at least to know her situation, without its appearing to come from herself. The death of the count was not publicly known. She therefore sent to the duchess de Feria, to acquaint her, having just received an account of her husband's death. She thought that this news must inevitably reach the ears of the marquis; but the message being only received by the duchess, she did

not think it a proper time to inform the marquis of it, conceiving it might awaken his tenderness for the countess, and be the means of breaking off his marriage with Casilda. She therefore even took the precaution to forbid any one speaking, or carrying any letters to him, being fearful that the countess herself might inform him. When the latter found that the message was known only to the duchess, she began to fear that the marquis would be informed of it too late. In this sad situation, her mind experienced the greatest conflicts, which passion, modesty, and fear, could excite in a susceptible heart. Unable to prevail upon herself to inform the marquis of her present situation, she determined to consult her faithful Elvira, but she found that Elvira was already gone to the duchess de Feria's, and then began to hope the news would be conveyed to the marquis in the manner she wished, but finding Elvira stay longer than she expected, she determined to write to the marquis and acquaint him with the news herself, but before she had well begun the letter, she was informed that the marriage ceremony was performed, and without the marquis's knowledge of the additional affliction which was so closely combined with his new alliance. At this news she sunk motionless in her chair, and was so overcome with grief, that it was some time before she was able to speak. As soon as she saw Elvira, she enjoined her not to say a word upon the sad subject of her woe: 'But let us depart,' said the countess, 'I have nothing more to do in this world but to let my soul at least profit by my misfortunes.' The next day, accompanied by Elvira, she went and shut herself up in a convent.

The marquis de Lerme heard of the count's death, the day after his marriage, upon the news of which, he fell into the utmost despair. He went to the convent to which the countess had retired, but he neither was permitted to see her, or to write to her. He then became frantic with grief. The agitation of his mind was too much for him to sustain. It threw him into a violent fever, which carried him off in a few days.

CHARACTER OF THE MOREAN GREEKS.

From F. G. Pouqueville's Travels in the Morea, Albania, and other parts of the Ottoman empire.

The Morean women have undoubtedly a claim to the prize of beauty, perhaps also to the palm of virtue. They may probably owe the first advantage to physical causes not difficult to be assigned. During the greater part of the year the sun warms the Morea with its benignant rays: the air is free from all humidity, and charged with the perfume of thousands of flowers—is pure and vivifying, while the temperature is mild and serene as in our finest days of spring. If to this be added the moderate share of labour to which the women of the East are subjected, and the regular lives they lead,—in these united causes a sufficient reason will be found for the beauty which has always distinguished the women of Peloponnesus.

The model which inspired Apelles and Phidias are still to be found among them. They are generally tall and finely formed; their eyes are full of fire, and they have a beautiful mouth ornamented with the finest teeth. There are, however, degrees in their beauty, though all in general may be called handsome. The Spartan women is fair, of a slender make, but with a noble air; the women of Taygetes have the carriage of Palias

when she flourished her formidable ægis in the midst of a battle. The Messenian woman is low in stature and distinguished for her *enbon point ;* she has regular features, large blue eyes and long black hair. The Arcadian, in her coarse woolen garment, scarcely suffers the regularity of her form to appear ; but her countenance is expressive of great purity of mind, and her smile is the smile of innocence. Chaste as daughters, the women of the Morea assume as wives even a character of austerity. Rarely after the death of a husband whom she loved, does the widow ever think of contracting a new engagement. Supporting life with difficulty, deprived of the object of her affections, the remainder of her days are often passed in weeping her loss. Endowed with organs sensible to melody, most of the Greek women sing in a pleasing manner, accompanying themselves with a tetrachord, the tones of which are an excellent support to the voice. In their songs they do not extol the favours of love, they do not arraign the coldness and inconstancy of a lover ; it is rather a young man who pines away with love, as the grass is withered on the house tops ; who complains of the cruelty of his inflexible mistress,—who compares himself to a bird deprived of his mate, to a solitary turtle dove ;—who requires all nature, in short, to share in his sorrows. At this long recital of woes, the companions of the songstress are often melted into tears, and quit her with warm expressions of delight at the pleasure they have received.

If the Greek women have received from the hand of Nature the gift of Beauty as their common dower, and a heart that loves with ardour and sincerity, they have the defects of being vain, avaricious, and ambitious ; at least this is the case with those in the higher ranks of society. Totally destitute of instruction, they are incapable of keeping up a conversation in any degree interesting, nor can they supply their want of education by a natural playfulness of imagination which gives birth intuitively to lively sallies, and often charms in women more than cultivation of mind. It may be said in general that the Greek women know nothing : even those who are born in the higher ranks are ignorant of the art of presiding in their own houses ; an art so well known in our own country, that a woman destitute of the higher branches of knowledge, has by this means alone, drawn around her a circle of the most cultivated and most aimiable among the other sex. As a proof of the total want of education among the Greek women, I cannot help adding that I have often heard at Constantinople, even from the mouths of those who bore the title of princesses, the grossest language used towards their servants, such as would not be endured among us but from the very lowest dregs of people. It is not difficult, from the specimen, to form an idea of the charms which such sort of female society presents to Europeans of polished countries.

A belief in sorcery or witchcraft, that great stumbling block of the human understanding in all ages and climes, is exceedingly prevalent in modern Greece —A number of old Sibyls, withered sorceresses of the race known among us by the name of Bohemians or Egyptians, the refuse of Thessaly, a country celebrated in all times for female magicians, are in high repute in every part of the Morea. They explain signs, interpret dreams, and all the delirious wanderings of the imagination. Reverenced, feared, caressed, nothing is done with-

out consulting them; nor is it difficult to conceive how unbounded an empire these impostors obtain over imaginations as ardent, united with minds as little cultivated as characterise the Grecian women.

A young woman wishes to know what sort of a husband she is to have. She consults one of these oracles of fate, who gives her a pye seasoned with mint and other aromatic herbs gathered from the mountains. This she is to eat at night without drinking, and go to bed immediately, first hanging round her neck, in a little enchanted bag, three flowers, one white, another red, and the third yellow. The next morning she puts her hand into the bag and draws out one of the flowers: if it be the white, she is to marry a young man; if the red, one of middle age; if the yellow, a widower. She is then to relate what she has dreamt in the night, and from her dreams the Sibyl draws omens, whether the husband is to be rich, and whether the marriage is to prove happy or not. If the predictions be not accomplished, no fault is ever ascribed to the oracle; either her orders were not exactly observed. or the *Evil Eye* has rendered her divinations abortive. This *Evil Eye*, the *Arimanes* of the ancients, is a demon, the enemy of all happiness, the very name of whom terrifies even the most courageous.—— According to the Greeks, this spirit or invisible power is grieved at all prosperity, groans at success, is indignant at a plentiful harvest, or at the fecundity of the flocks, murmurs even against Heaven for having made a young girl pleasing or handsome. In consequence of so strange a superstition, no one thinks of congratulating another upon having handsome children, and they carefully avoid admiring the beauty of a neighbour's horse, for the *Evil Eye* would very probably at the same instant afflict the children with the leprosy, or the horses with lameness. The power of this genius even extends to taking away treasures of every kind from those by whom they are possessed. If, however, in complimenting the beauty of the children or the horses, care is taken to talk of *garlic* or to *spit*, the charm is broken.

After having shown how much the modern Greeks are given up to superstition, and the degree of debasement to which their minds are reduced by the slavery under which they have so long languished, another feature of their character will appear the more extraordinary; this is the vanity which all have more or less of being distinguished by the most pompous titles. Nothing is heard among them but the titles of archorn, prince, most illustrious, and others equally high-sounding: the title of his holiness is given to their priests. The child accustomed to forget the most endearing of appellations, the wife forgetting that which she ought most to cherish, salutes the father and the husband with the title of signor, at the same time kissing his hand. This name which is only a term of submission, is by the pride of the Greeks preferred to all others, for the very reasou that it seems to acknowledge superiority in the person to whom it is addressed.

It is from this sentiment of vanity that those Greeks who have acquired any knowledge of the history of their country, speak with so much pride of the ancient relics still scattered over it. According to the affinity which may be found in their names to any of those celebrated in antiquity, they call themselves the descendants of Codrus, of Phidias, of Themistocles, of Belisarius. The same sentiment leads them to hoard up money, that they may be enabled at

last to purchase some situation which shall give them the power of domineering over their brethren; and this achieved, it is by no means unusual to see them become more insolent and tyrannical towards them than the Turks themselves; they justify in this respect but too fully the common saying, that the Turk has no better instrument for enforcing slavery than the Greek.

THE NOVELIST—A FRAGMENT.

PASSING through an obscure street of the metropolis, I observed a crowd assembled round the door of a mean habitation; an auctioneer was performing the duty of his function, to satisfy the demand of a clamorous landlord. 'This chest,' vociferated the man, 'once belonged to an author:'---my curiosity was excited.---'Look at this article, sir; whoever is the purchaser of this, will doubtless become the possessor of learning:' he, at the same time, raised the lid, and produced a bundle of manuscripts. 'Five shillings---no more than *five* shillings? 'Tis your's, sir, with all the wit it contains; retail it to the world---you have *paid* for it, and 'tis *all your own.*

When I had an opportunity of examining the chest, at my lodgings, to my disappointment, I discovered the copy of a work to be found on the shelves of every circulating library. I felt for the insult to society, and threw all the manuscripts into the fire. A few leaves, however, arrested my attention; they appeared to be the author's memoirs. I snatched them from the flames, and the moral with which they seemed replete was their preservative from oblivion; as little did I think of finding so valuable a relic amidst such trash, as an uncontaminated mind amidst the avowed sons of dissipation.

'Reader,---If the pages of fiction yield thee delight, if thou seek the acquaintance of fancy's wild and mishapen forms, in preference to the heroes of history and truth, listen to the words of experience---they may afford thee an useful lesson.'

* * * * *

Here the narrator informs us of his name and family; these, and a few other unimportant circumstances, I have omitted.

'At school, I well remember with what avidity I perused the works in which true pleasure and instruction were combined; the exploits of Alexander, the noble patriotism of Cato, the history of my native country, excited an interest grateful and beneficial. But alas! in an evil hour a *novel* recommended by a fellow-student, engaged my attention. Like wine, it intoxicated and impaired my more reasonable faculties; that laudable emotion was bartered for an *artificial interest.*

'My education finished—I recant that inadequate phrase—the seeds of my destruction sown, my father placed me in a mercantile situation, with many advantages of future success. My ledger awhile prevented my recourse to other books; still I resolved that a thorough knowledge of business should be succeeded by that of *useful* literature. An accident, let it be deemed by no means trivial, frustrated these good intentions; the daily report of a *very interesting* novel, awakened my former passion. I perused it with peculiar delight: my attention to the counting-house was considerably lessened; my attendance on the circulating libraries became most frequent, and

* * * * *

Here the fire had seized the leaf in a perpendicular direction; hence the narrative is unfortunately cut short at the most important crisis—the com-

mencement of a love story.—Anxious, however, for the information of your fair readers, whose feelings the event may more immediately occupy, I have obtained information, from the remainder of the manuscript, that the hero, like Sylvester Daggerwood, 'formed a romantic attachment'—to a milliner—It also appears that he calmly braved the remonstrances of 'cruel parents,' and married her.

'Friends forsook me; my father, exasperated at my misconduct, and unwilling that the younger branches of his family should witness the encouragement of such an example, enclosed a small sum, to supply my present necessities, and discarded me for ever. My late idleness had incensed the merchant under whom I might have retained an honourable and lucrative situation; he expelled me from his counting house with disgrace. I hired a mean apartment, and commenced scribbler. I produced a *novel*, confessed to abound with sentiment and sensibility, but which, pursued upon the plan of other works of a similar description, contained the most infamous doctrines of new philosophy, was interlarded with obscenity—was charged with deadly poison. This prostitute of my brain I ushered into that brothel for the mind, a *modern circulating library!* My hand trembles at the self-accusation. Should this book be exhibited at the great day of account—fall on me, ye mountains; hide me from the just wrath of heaven; let not this damning proof of guilt appear against me!

'Poverty surrounded us; my wife's romantic spirit could little brook the dreary scene that daily presented itself.

My *last* shilling I gave her to purchase food. She went, but never to return! The most diligent search was fruitless; all the night I bathed my pillow with my tears in agony for her absence.---The morning cleared up the mystery---this letter arrived, to blast me with its contents:---

'Sir,

'The prospects I had formed when I consented to give you my hand, are unrealized. Destitute of the means to afford me the situation to which every woman of an enlightened understanding must necessarily aspire, I have sought a refuge from poverty in the arms of captain B——. An unprejudiced mind, like yours, will easily perceive the reasons that have influenced me to take this step. At the altar, it is true, I promised to love you. Can the heart be susceptible of this tender passion for a man incapable of screening it from the craving demands of hunger? I am unable to rebel against nature; she has rid me of a promise which odious custom alone sanctions.'

'Adieu, HARRIET.'

'Oh, Harriet! could I have expected this! modern philosophy! to thy infernal principles I owe my wretchedness. The world grows hateful to my sight. Welcome the deadly phial!

'Be thou my passport to the world unknown—

'It cannot use me worse, than this hast done.

My resolution wavers; at the dismal prospect of eternity I shudder! I know that tortures, endless and unutterable, await me

* * * * *

The following appears to have been written immediately before the writer finished his earthly career.

'Reader,---The deed is done! He who now addresses thee is quitting this world for ever: soon must he appear before the awful tribunal of heaven, to receive his sentence from an all-righteous judge, and his works shall follow him. His memory will be the ridicule of this world,

but the pity of *those* who *knew* him. Harriet! mistaken girl! I dread to think upon *thy* fate: though surrounded by the thoughtless devotees of pleasure, let thy husband's remains claim one sigh---I ask no more. The poison gives me dreadful warning! I dare not sue for mercy, and fear to meet that Providence I have so basely injured.

'Which way shall I fly
'Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
'Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell,
'And in the lowest deep a lower deep,
'Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
'To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven! H. B.

AURORA; AN ALLEGORY.

From the German of Herder.

AURORA was complaining to the gods, that, although she was much praised by men, she was little beloved or visited by them, and least by those who loudest sang her praises. 'Do not grieve about thy lot,' said the goddess of wisdom: 'is it not the same as mine? and then,' continued she, 'look at those who slight thee, and at the rival whom they prefer. Behold them, as thou passest, floundering in the embraces of laziness, and decaying both in body and mind---and hast thou not friends, nor adorers enough? The whole creation worships thee; all the flowers awake and clothe themselves by thy roseate beam in new and bridal beauty. The choir of birds welcome thee, and seem intent wholly on varied arts to charm thy presence. The laborious boor and the industrious sage never disappoint thee; they quaff, from the cup which thou offerest, health and strength, repose and life: doubtly pleased that they enjoy thee undisturbed and uninterrupted by the prating crowd of sleepy fools. Dost thou consider it as no blessing that the unworthy are never seen among thy admirers? To be worshipped without profanation is the highest prize of love among gods and men.'

Aurora blushed at her thoughtless murmurs. Let every beauty aspire to her fortune who equals her in purity and innocence.

PROFANITY.

THE tongue, though a little, is a very unruly member. Often has it been a guide that has led us into error, and a companion which, by "*too much familiarity has bred contempt.*"—Often has it given utterance to the sentence which we have wished to recal; often has it wounded the feelings.—Too often has it created anger in the bosom, and too often by its sound has the cheek of modesty been caused to blush. Profanity is both a folly and a vice; it is a vice when used in anger and revenge.—How disgraceful to a man is it to be noted as a swearer.

The most common kind of profanity is that of the refined gentleman, the scholar, the man of fashion—their conversation is most *elegantly* embellished with their favourite dialect; not a sentence is uttered but is drawn from their vocabulary of oaths; and this they deal out in profuse abundance, without measure, thought or feeling.—How disgraceful, idle and despicable is this fashionable profanity; how beneath the character of a gentleman; how unworthy the man of sense?—it is the folly of conversation, the very froth of words; it gives no strength to argument; adds no charm to speech? Cannot conversation be conducted without profanity? surely it can, and by thousands it is;—would that it were by all. —The very first propensity must be checked, ere it gain too strong a hold

upon us;---it is a folly strengthened by indulgence, and soon becomes habitual; like many other wicked practices it is cautiously indulged in at first, but weak resolution and fearful apprehensions soon give way, and the propensity reigns unlimited and uncontroled.

"It grieves me much to hear the bless'd supreme
Rudely appealed to, on each trifling theme;
Cease from this vice; to be profane despise,
To *swear* is neither brave, polite nor wise;
Would you dare *swear* upon a bed of death,
Reflect, *this moment*, GOD may stop your breath;
How should you then that condemnation dread,
Which oft you've call'd upon your guilty head;
And often wish'd on friends and foes to fall;
Oh! change your mind, and now for *Mercy* call."

Let not the voice of profanity find a welcome to your ears, oh! happy youth, but let her disciples be your enemies.---*Bos. Ev. Gaz.*

VARIETY.

THE NEGRO.

"A negro has a soul!" and please your honor," said the corporal, (doubtingly.)

'I am not versed, corporal,' quoth my uncle Toby, 'in things of that kind; but I suppose God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me.'

'Why then, and please your honor, is a black wench to be used worse than a white one?'

'I can give no reason,' said my uncle Toby.

'Only,' cried the corporal, shaking his head, 'because no one stands up for her.'

''Tis that very thing, Trim,' quoth my uncle Toby, 'which recommends her to protection---and her brethren with her; 'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip in our hands now---where it may be *hereafter*, Heaven knows.'

The corporal went on with his story.

'When Tom, and please your honor, got to the shop, there was nobody in it but a poor black girl, with a bunch of white feathers slightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies---not killing them.' 'Tis a pretty picture!' said my uncle Toby. 'She had suffered persecution, Trim, and had learned mercy.'—*Sterne.*

ANECDOTES.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

When Jeremy Taylor was introduced to the archbishop of Canterbury, who, from the report of his excellent talents in preaching (though he was then very young,) desired to see him, he was told by the prelate, that his extreme youth was a bar to his present employment. "If your grace," replied Taylor, "will excuse me this fault, I promise if I live to mend it."

VERY SINGULAR SIMPLICITY.

Two countrymen who had never seen a play, nor had any idea of one, went to the theatre in Drury-lane, where they placed themselves snug in the gallery. They were delighted with the first and second music; at length the curtain drew up, and two or three actors entered to begin the play; upon which one of the countrymen said to the other, "Come, Will, let us be going, mayhap the gentlemen are talking about *business*."

A player met a man in the street who appeared extremely distressed and asked charity: he gave him something observing; "either that man must be in actual distress, or he is an excellent actor."

A NEW COAT OF MAIL, AND ELEGANT DECORATIONS.

Symes, in his embassy to Ava, states that the inhabitants of the Andaman Islands, being much incommoded by insects, their first occupation in the morning, is to plaster their bodies all over with mud, which hardening in the sun, forms an impenetrable armour. They then, by way of embellishment, paint their wooly heads with red ochre. When thus completely equipped, there is not he says, a more hideous appearance to be found in human form.

WONDERFUL MEMORY.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for September 1752, there is a story published, of a most extraordinary memory, which almost sets credulity at defiance. The incident is likewise to be found in Baker's Play-house Companion, and other works of respectability.

William Lyon, a strolling player, it is there stated, laid a wager one evening when with some of his companions at a tavern, that he would next day at rehearsel, repeat a Daily Advertiser, from beginning to end. Next day his companion reminded him of his wager; on which, Lyon, pulling out the paper, desired him to look at it, and decide himself whether or not he won the wager. "Notwithstanding," says the writer, "the want of connexion between the paragraphs, the variety of advertisements, and the general chaos which enters into the composition of a newspaper, he repeated it from beginning to end, without hesitation or mistake. "I know this," adds he, "to be true, and believe its parallel cannot be found in any age or nation."

It will be remembered, that about 12 months ago, between seventy and eighty men and boys lost their lives in Heaton Coal pit, near Newcastle upon Tyne, by what is called a blast of the pit, and its filling, in consequence with water. It was not until Monday the 19th inst. that the bodies of the greater part of the sufferers were come at, when fifty-five of them were found, in what is called the far workings of the pit. It is a melancholy circumstance to relate, but it has been clearly ascertained, that those unfortunate men and boys all perished by starvation. They had got into a part of the pit where the water did not reach them, and had been many weeks employed in endeavouring to work their way into an old pit, by which they might have escaped.---They are supposed to have failed in their attempt by their want of food to support them, as every horse in the pit was eaten to the bone. The unfortunate men had a water mark fixed up, that they might observe if it fell. One man who is supposed to have been set to watch it was found dead.---*London paper.*

A BARGAIN.

Since hard times and scarcity largely prevail;
And the following are useless; I offer for sale;
A pair of sharp eyes that have no means to view,
A set of good teeth that have nothing to chew,
A very large mouth that has nought to put in it,
And a throat that would swallow some pounds in a minute;
A heart that would fain yield relief to a neighbour,
A pair of stout hands that are willing to labour;
With the component parts of a very strong person,
But so poor that it's scarcely worth while to rehearse e'm.
Those who want would do well if they're quick in applying,
For they're decaying so fast, they'll be soon not worth buying. PAUVRE.

Seat of the Muses.

ON MY NATAL DAY.

By Mrs E Carter.

Thou Power Supreme! by whose command
I live,
The grateful tribute of my praise receive;
To thy indulgence I my being owe,
And all the joys which from that being
flow.
Scarce eighteen suns have formed the roll-
ing year,
And run their destin'd courses round this
sphere,
Since thy creative eye my form survey'd,
Midst undistinguish'd heaps of matter laid.
Thy skill my elemental clay refin'd,
The vagrant particles in order join'd
With perfect symmetry compos'd the whole,
And stamp'd thy sacred image on my soul;
A soul susceptible of endless joy,
Whose frame, nor force, nor time, can e'er
destroy;
Which shall survive when nature claims my
breath,
And bid defiance to the darts of death:
To realms of bliss with active freedom soar,
And live, when earth and skies shall be no
more.
Author of life! in vain my tongue essays,
For this immortal gift, to speak thy praise!
How shall my heart its grateful sense re-
veal,
Where all the energy of words must fail!
Oh, may its influence in my life appear,
And every action prove my words sincere!

Grant me, great God, a heart to thee inclin'd,
Increase my faith, and rectify my mind:
Teach me betimes to tread thy sacred ways,
And to thy service consecrate my days.
Still, as through life's perplexing maze I
stray,
Be Thou the guiding star to mark my way;
Conduct the steps of my unguided youth,
And point their motions to the paths of
truth.
Protect me by thy providential care,
And warn my soul to shun the tempter's
snare;
Through all the shifting scenes of varied
life,
In calms of ease or ruffling storms of strife;
Through each event of this inconstant state,
Preserve my temper equal and sedate.
Give me a mind that nobly can despise
The low designs and little arts of vice;
Be my religion such as taught by thee,
Alike from pride and superstition free.
Inform my judgment, regulate my will,
My reason strengthen, and my passion still.
To gain thy favour be my first great end,
And to that scope may every action tend.
Amidst the pleasures of a prosperous state,
Whose flattering charms th' untutor'd
heart elate,
May I reflect to whom those gifts I owe,
And bless the bounteous hand from whence
they flow.
Or, if an adverse fortune be my share,
Let not its terrors tempt me to despair;
But, fixed on Thee, a steady faith maintain,
And own all *good*, which thy decrees or-
dain;
On thy unfailing providence depend,
The best protector, and the surest friend!
* * * * *
Thus on life's stage may I my part sustain,
And at my exit thy applause obtain.
When thy pale herald summons me away,
Support me in that last and awful day:
In the dread conflict guard me from alarms,
And take my soul expiring to thy arms.

ON HAPPINESS.

"Man may be happy if he will;"
I've said it often, and I think so still:
Doctrines to make the Million stare:
Know, then, each Mortal is an actual Jove;
Can brew what weather he shall most ap-
prove,
Or wind, or calm, or foul, or fair.

But here's the mischief—man's an ass, I say;
Too fond of thunder, lightning, storm, and
rain;
He hides the charming, cheerful ray,
That spreads a smile o'er hill and plain
Dark, he must court the scull, and spade
and shroud;
The mistress of his soul must be a Cloud

Who told him that he must be curs'd on
earth?—
The God of Nature?—No such thing!
Heaven whisper'd him, the moment of his
birth,

"Don't cry, my lad, but dance and sing;
Don't be too wise, and be an ape;
In colours let thy soul be dress'd, not crape.

Roses shall smooth life's journey, and adorn:
Yet mind me—if, through want of grace,
Thou mean'st to fling the blessings in my face,
Thou hast full leave to tread upon a thorn."

Yet some there are, of men I think the worst
Poor imps! unhappy if they can't be curs'd;
For ever brooding over Misery's eggs,
As tho' life's pleasure were a daily sin;
Mousing for ever for a gin,
To catch their happiness by the legs.

Even at a dinner, some will be unbless'd,
However good the viands, and well dress'd;
They always come to table with a scowl,
Squint with a face of verjuce o'er each dish,
Fault the poor flesh, & quarrel with the fish,
Curse cook and wife, and, loathing, eat and growl.

A cart load, lo! their stomachs steal,
Yet swear they cannot make a meal.
I like not the blue-devil-hunting crew!
I hate to drop the discontented jaw!
O let me Nature's simple smile pursue,
And pick even pleasure from a straw!

THE ESK,

A River in Scotland. Written by a gallant young officer, who after serving during the whole of the Peninsular war, under the Illustrious Wellington, lately revisited the place of his nativity on the Banks of the Esk.

All hail! lovely Eskdale, thou land of my Fathers,
How dear are thy woods and green hills to my soul;
Dear are thy wild glens, thy bourns and thy vallies,
Where thy Esk's chrystal waters so rapidly roll.

In many fam'd countries I've been since I left thee,
But the sight of thy green hills has made me right fain;
I'll put on my plaid, like a herd of the mountains,
And feast on Oat Cakes and on Porridge again.

Thy children, O Eskdale, since last I beheld thee,
Their faces are altered, their hearts are the same,
Each hand like a brothers was stretch'd out to meet me,
Each door was thrown open wherever I came.

May Heaven preserve them from highest to lowest,
May plenty and peace in their dwelling still reign;
How often I've thought I might ne'er be amongst them
To feast on Oat Cakes and on Porridge again;

Repine not, O Eskdale, in thy quiet vallies,
That no palaces, splendor or pomp thou canst shew,
For manly and true are the hearts of thy shepherds,
In the looks of thy maids health and innocence glow.

Simple, virtuous race, soon, soon I must leave you,
To join our brave soldiers on some distant shore,
And Heav'n only knows if again I'll be with you,
To feast on Oat Cakes and on Porridge once more.

My heart shall be firm in the perils of war,
When I think on the land where my days I began,
Before foreign footsteps pollute thy green mountains
Tens of thousands shall perish, and I shall be one.

But if it's my lot to return to sweet Eskdale,
I'll lay by my sword and my sash as before,
And I'll take up my plaid, like a herd of the mountains,
And feast on Oat Cakes and on Porridge once more.

WRITTEN WITH A DIAMOND ON A PANE OF GLASS.

Frail glass, thou bear'st my name as well as I,
And no man knows in which it first shall die.

NEW-YORK,
SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1816.

Intelligence.

Selected from Daily and other papers.

Sunday evening we had very severe lightning and heavy thunder---which struck several houses in different parts of the city, but without doing much damage.---Two or three persons were knocked down, and one is said to have been killed.---A barn in Yonkers, West-Chester county, was consumed by lightning.

Captain Bowers, of the schooner Bolina, 17 days from Porto Cavello, states, that general Bolivar landed on the 5th July at Ocumares, a small port 15 miles to the windward of Porto Cavello, with his patriot army, amounting to 800 men, principally blacks from St. Domingo, and was on his march for Caraccas, when he was met by general Morales at the head of the royal army, and after a most sanguinary battle, was completely cut up, and nearly all his army destroyed, Bolivar made his escape, leaving behind him, in the hands of the enemy, all his baggage, camp equipage, &c. and succeeded in getting on board his fleet, at Ocumares, with a few of his followers. But the commander of the fleet (Brion) refused to put to sea, being in want of provisions. The men were then turned on shore except a sufficient number to man the fleet, and all massacred by a furious populace. The fleet then steered for the island of Buyenayres with general Bolivar on board. ---*Col.*

Commissioners of the navy are advertising for live oak and other timber for a ship of the line and two frigates.

A NOBLE BEQUEST.

Mr. John Scott, late of the city of Edinburg, chemist, has bequeathed to the Corporation of the city of Philadelphia, 3000 dollars of three per cent stock of the United States to be applied to the same purposes as Dr. Franklin's legacy, and the further sum of 4000 dollars of the same stock, the interest of which to be laid out in premiums for the discovery of useful inventions. We are informed that this very laudable and liberal bequest has recently been received by the Treasurer of the Corporation.

The decimal divisions of money has been adopted in Holland---it was proposed and much praised in England: but there was impediments as to its introduction. This mode originated under the federal administration in the United States.

A Cat fish was taken by a trout line, opposite Cincinnatti, (Ohio,) the dimensions of which, by actual admeasurement, were five feet and an half in length, four feet girth, twelve inches between the eyes, and nineteen across the breast, weight, *one hundred and seventeen lbs.* Such was the power of the fish, that the men who took him were obliged to shoot him, in order to get him ashore. ---*Western Spy.*

The Royal College of Physicians of London, and the army Medical Board, have decided, that the *Yellow Fever* is a contagious disease, and by consequence an importable one. This decision enforces the necessity of strict quarantine regulations.---[As it is generally allowed that a certain degree of heat and moisture combined with *putrid substances* in a *crowded* population, will produce the yellow fever, it is certainly the safest course to guard within as well as without against it, especially against the latter agent at home. It is rather strange, that no country will father this pestilence.---The West-Indian traces it from Africa--the people of the southern states from the West-Indies, and we know here that it has been brought from all those places, and that it has originated in ships from Ireland with *crowded* passengers ---and that the same cause may produce the same effect any where else, must be equally true.]

A woman in France who was lately condemned to ten years imprisonment, for stabbing a man at his own request, who wished to commit suicide, has appealed for a revision of her sentence.

During the month of February last, no less than twelve slave ships entered the port of Bahia, Brazil, from the coast of Africa, with full cargoes of men, women and children, to the great disgrace of all concerned.

Letters from Lancashire, (Eng.) mention three more failures in a large manufacturing town in that county, to the amount of 600,000*l*. Two of them traded to New-York, and the other to Boston.

Steam boats are getting into very general use in most of the countries of Europe, as well as in this country: no less than 16 are plying on the river Clyde in Scotland.---One is mentioned as having arrived at Rotterdam from London, on her way to Frankfort on the Rhine--- and others now traverse the boisterous English and Irish coasts. One lately arrived at Montreal from Quebec, with 350 troops, with their baggage.

A late Cork (Ire.) paper, complaining of the emigrations to America, calculates that not less than 20 or 30,000 foreigners, from all countries, will have reached the United States by the end of the present year,---and adds that they will make good *native* citizens.

Robberies multiply apace in this city; scarcely a night goes over but we hear of stores being broken open and robbed.

A swindler who is said to have defrauded Merchants in the Southern States to the amount of 60,000 dollars, was apprehended in this city on Friday the 17th inst. Nearly 3000 dollars in bank bills, were found in his possession. He is said to have accomplished the fraud, by means of forged letters from Gentlemen of high standing in the Northern and Eastern States.—*Com. Adv.*

A human skeleton has been discovered at Hagerstown (Penn.) about 18 inches from the surface---supposed to be the remains of a savage slain by col. Cressap, about the middle of the last century.

A mulatto man, lately hanged at Baltimore, confessed that he had set fire to Petersburgh in Virginia.

The Coroner reports the death of Ephraim Anderson, aged 6 years, son of Mr. Anderson, James-street, by accidental drowning near the New-Slip on Sunday afternoon last.

Also, the death of Jacob Fay, aged 30 years, a native of this state, by taking laudanum on Wednesday last.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Labah, Mr. Jacob Meyers, to Miss Maria Quick, both of this city

By the rev. Cave Jones, Mr. William W. Williams, to Miss Eliza R. Webb, daughter of Mr. Samuel Webb, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Blatchford, Mr. John Boyd, to Miss Catharine Provost, all of this city.

By the same, Mr. Alexander Campbell, to Mrs. Martha Dysart, all of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. Joseph Atwood, of Bermuda, to Miss Lydia Reynolds, of this city.

By the same, Mr. John Sickles, Jr. merchant, to Miss Hester Ann Elsworth, both of this city.

OBITUARY.

The City-Inspector Reports the death of 56 persons during the Week ending on Saturday the 17th inst.

DIED,

In the 63d year of her age, Mrs. Sophia Jacobs, wife of Mr, Philip Jacobs.

After a short illness, Thomas Parsel, (son of widow Parsel,) aged 19 years.

Mr. John Peshine, a respectable citizen —found drowned at the foot of Peck's Slip wharf.—He was afflicted with a nervous debility.

Mrs Elizabeth Reinold, wife of Mr. Charles Reinold, aged 22 years.

At Jamacia, (L. I.) Mr. George Codwise, jun. formerly a respectable merchant of this city in the 52d year of his age.

OF THE ABORIGINES.

Interesting extract of a letter from *Col. R. J. Meigs* dated, "Cherokee Agency, July 6, 1816

"I received your letter dated the 24th of May last, with Mr. Boudinot's book, in which he attempts to prove that the Indians of America are of Hebrew descent. The Cherokees have some laws and customs, both civil and religious, resembling the laws and regulations of the Jews; but how, or when, or from whence they were introduced will perhaps remain forever undetermined. The feasts of the *First Fruits* is, undoubtedly, of religious origin. The name of this feast is the *Green Corn Dance*. This name gives it the character of the Feast of the *First Fruits*. I have attentively seen this dance performed. Some hundreds of males and females assembled in a square perfectly levelled and clean, in front of the national council house. They move in circles, *males* in one circle, *females* in another, having a leader, or master of the ceremonies: they move slowly by measured steps, circle within circle---there is no smiling or speaking; no levity of action---their countenances are impressed, apparently, with *religious awe*. Their king, or head chief, was present, but not in the dance. Those in the circles were generally young people: they might be called *singing men* and *singing women*, for they all chaunted a monotonous plaintive tune which did not *charm the ear*, but the *ensemble* was pleasing. During the dance (perhaps an hour) not a word is spoken, except by the *master of the ceremonies*, who seems well pleased with his honorable station. When the dance is concluded, the circles disperse, and are mixed with the surrounding spectators—all are merry and apparently happy: no *cares* or *vexations* are permitted to obtrude themselves on that day.

ABLUTIONS.

"Formerly they had practised frequent *washings*; these were resorted to after going through bodily exercises ---perhaps of dancing; the whole meeting, on such occasions, went to the clear stream and plunged in.---this was intended to express that they were then cleansed from all moral impurity —that however they might have before done wrong, the wrong was now done away, and no more to be considered as any part of their character. This corresponds with my personal observations; for they never reproach each other of former deviations from right.

CITIES OF REFUGE.

"They formerly had cities of refuge, whither persons who had killed a Cherokee might flee. This was an excellent institution, as it gave time for the passions of the friends of the deceased to subside. In some cases, compromises were made for pecuniary compensation, especially in cases of accidental character. They have since deviated from that wise custom, and in every instance required *life* for *life*, as forfeited without any qualification; but they have now returned to a more humane procedure, and, in some instances, make equitable discrimination.

"Although the institution of the *Green Corn Dance*, their *Ablutions*, and *Cities of Refuge*, bear strong resemblance to Jewish customs and laws, yet they by no means prove that the American Indians are descended from the *Jews*; they only prove that the *religion of nature* corresponds with the religion of the Jews communicated to them by Moses by divine command.

"I have never seen the distinctive visage of the *Jews* among all these people, but the visage of the *Tartar* is every where apparent. Yet whether the American Indians are descended from the Tartars, or the Tartars from the American Indians is yet problematical."